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INCARNATION 1973

The Incarnation is something like a myth. Does not the mythology of every civilization abound in stories about gods who come down from heaven, appear in human guise, communicate heavenly revelations, and deliver their favorites from desperate straits? Does not the Christian story, examined under the cool light of criticism, turn out to be just another myth?

In some sense the Incarnation is a myth. Like other myths, it is a tale that holds us in its grip because in some strange way its symbolism casts light upon the riddles of our life and enables us to deal creatively with forces that threaten to destroy us. No myth could survive unless it contained a measure of truth and healing power. The Incarnation is an unusually potent and revealing myth, far surpassing the normal inventive powers of the human mind. Christians believe that the Christmas story, notwithstanding all its legendary features, transmits a reality on which we can pin our hopes and trust. ***(Continued on page 335)***

REFLECTIONS AT CHRISTMAS

AVERY DULLES

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NEWS & VIEWS

Rosenbergs Revisited

Pittsburgh Catholic columnist, Msgr. Charles Owen Rice, looks back on the execution 20 years ago of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, and in the context of all that is known now about the FBI and the prosecuting arm of the United States concludes that a terrible injustice was done.

"We were nearly all naive in that day and for years to come," Msgr. Rice wrote Dec. 7. "Even the defense attorney trusted the FBI and the prosecutor, and allowed tainted evidence into the record; this tainted evidence made it impossible to overturn the convictions on appeal.

"I cannot be sure whether the authorities knew that there was then no internal danger from the Communists or were so obsessed with anti-Communist hysteria that they could not see or think straight. I am sure, though, that it was wrong of us all to condone the execution.

"The Rosenbergs were Communists but probably they were innocent of spying or passing on secrets. We were looking for scapegoats and there was a big spy scare stemming from Klaus Fuchs and his 'revelations.'

"The Korean fracas was going on, the prosecution blamed the Rosenbergs for it, and fools like yours truly believed that. Actually we accepted an entire Korean myth which had us and our allies totally pure and innocent, while the others were evil plotters and murderers with no fact or reason on their side whatever."

The Rosenbergs haunt him, Msgr. Rice added, "because at the time of their execution I was a free man and a journalist and did not raise my voice to save them; actually, as I go back to my files I find to my horror that I accepted and passed on the FBI explanation of their execution."

Msgr. Rice noted that the FBI is releasing some of the documents of the Rosenberg case, and he predicted that much will be exposed. "It is not too much to hope," he commented, "that there will be a sort of retrial and perhaps a legal vindication."

By coincidence, Msgr. Rice's column was published the same day newspapers were revealing that the FBI, on orders from J. Edgar Hoover, had conducted a secret nationwide campaign from May, 1968, until April, 1971, to "expose, disrupt and otherwise neutralize" the New Left, the American Communist party, the Socialist Workers party and other alleged trouble-makers.

In one sentence, Hoover directed that the FBI not only take advantage of all opportunities for counterintelligence but "also inspire action in instances where circumstances warrant."

"You are cautioned," Hoover also said, "that the nature of this new endeavor is such that under no circumstances should the existence of the program be made known outside the bureau and appropriate within-office security should be afforded this sensitive operation."

There's something for those to think about who would accuse Msgr. Rice of FBI paranoia with respect to the Rosenbergs.

Spanish Concordat

The Spanish newspaper *Ya* reports on the voluminous document brought to Spain by Msgr. Casaroli, Vatican Secretary for Public Affairs, to serve as the basis for a new Concordat, supplanting the Concordat of 1953. The document makes nine points, according to *Ya*:

1) The Concordat would content itself to record the sociological fact of Spanish Catholicism without recognizing that the State has a confessional character.

2) The State would recognize the Church's right freely to preach the Gospel (with all its social and civic implications). The Church would renounce its special legal status.

3) The Church would be satisfied to notify the State in advance of the nominations of residential bishops. The State would have no right to veto. There would be no notifications in advance of the nomination of auxiliary bishops.

4) The State would recognize the complete liberty of the Church to form associations within its own competence.

5) It would recognize the same freedom for publications dependent on the hierarchy.

6) Religious teaching would be entrusted to the Church, which, even in State institutions, would select teachers and textbooks.

7) The Church would be responsible for national religious programs on radio and television.

8) The Bishops' Conference would be recognized as the normal spokesman with the State in the religious domain.

Workers Power/LNS

9) An equitable formula would be sought to resolve the economic problems posed by the desubsidizing of religion and the salaries of the clergy.

For Want of a Mate

A *Washington Post* columnist records that King Timahoe, President Nixon's prize Irish setter, has yet to be mated.

According to reports, the First Family had hoped to have a puppy by now, and had even asked King Timahoe's breeder to set about finding a suitable mate, subject to the President's approval.

The breeder, E. Irving Eldridge, comments that nothing, however, has been heard recently from the White House on the subject. Said Eldridge: "I assume it is going to have to wait until the President doesn't have so much on his mind."

Liberation News Service picked up the item and circulated it under the head, SOME THINGS JUST CAN'T BE DELEGATED. Remarked LNS: "Unlike campaign financing, counting tapes and organizing burglarizing, finding a mate for a dog is not a task to be trifled with."

Odds and Ends

—For what it signifies, if anything: John Noonan's book *Contraception* is being offered by Harvard University Press at 91 percent off list price. A dollar will buy it. The only item at bigger discount (93 percent) is Nathan Talbot's *Functional Endocrinology from Birth Through Adolescence.*

—Muckraker Jack Anderson dropped the biggest bombshell at the recent press seminar of the Smithsonian Associates in Washington. He admitted to agreeing for some years to write only "nice things" about J. Edgar Hoover so long as Hoover provided him access to FBI files. More credibility down the drain. JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Poetry Proper

Palo Alto, Calif.

To the Editors: Peter Murphy's "Fruition" [Nov. 23] is a poem I learned by heart. Its impact dawned on me, slowly and gradually, just as the "tree . . . growing deep in the night." Its meaning burst open "in waking roaring with leaves" as it approaches the mystery of life, the eternal questioning. The point is that the question is all. It encompasses awe, wonder, hope, faith and doubt, confusion, despair.

Another word for questioning is the Goethean "striving" ("Streben") which to me embodies the dialectical process in action. I see it as no coincidence that one of the translations of the Greek "logos" Faust plays with is "action," "deed." Yet this acting is not a brother of the action in the pragmatic sense. Rather, its relations are with Bergston's élan vitale.

Kenneth Burke, in his essay on Faust II—The Ideas Behind the Imagery, points out the linguistic closeness between "streben" (to strive) and "sterben" (to die). Goethe was aware of this fact too. The creative, vibrant tension between the title "Fruition" and the last line of the poem "what time do the flowers start" (note the absence of punctuation throughout the poem!) expresses the same paradox.

A short time before Goethe died, still working on his Faust II, he said: "Man's life is a similar poem, it surely has a beginning, it has an end, a whole, however, it is not." ("Des Menschen Leben ist ein ähnliches Gedicht; Es hat wohl einen Anfang, hat ein Ende, Allein ein Ganzes ist es nicht.")

It is hard to face up to this reality. "Fruition" helps me a lot along the way.

A final remark I borrow from Robert Nye, a young English poet and critic. He applies Hopkins' distinction between poetry proper and the Parnassian to some of T. S. Eliot's poems. In Gerald Manley Hopkins' words,

(Continued on page 351)

NEWS & VIEWS: 330 **CORRESPONDENCE: 331**
EDITORIALS: 331
THE WARP AND WOOF OF IT: *Philip Sparks* **333**
BOOKS FOR YOUR STOCKING: *Peter Steinfels* **334**
INCARNATION 1973: *Avery Dulles* **329** *(front cover)*
THE FUTURE OF THE CATHOLIC PEACE MOVEMENT: *Gordon C. Zahn* **337**
VERSE: *Graham Greene* **342**
THE SCREEN: *Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr.* **343**
HEMINGWAY IN SCHRUNS: *Herbert Ruhm* **344**
DEMYTHOLOGIZING FRONTIER MYTHOLOGY: *Daniel Aaron* **346**
BOOKS: *Gerard Sloyan, Quincy Howe, Mark Taylor* **347**

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A FUTURE THEOLOGY

The Word of God, first heard in Judea, is still struggling to be fairly heard and understood in the New York, Washington, San Antonio, South Bend and Dubuque of today.

For a while, in the early and mid-1960s, the Word stirred American Catholicism to life. It worked through nature—sometimes through politics and social problems: in the liberating openness of Pope John and the confident ebullience of the New Frontier; in the excitement of liturgical reform; in the moral fervor and solidarity of the civil rights and anti-war movements; and, above all, in the popular theological revival brought on by the Vatican Council.

As a truly serious American theological renaissance, that period had its deficiencies. American priest-scholars trained in Europe were translating and reinterpreting the work of their Old World masters—Rahner, Kung, Schillebeeckx, Hulsbosch. Popularizers and younger religious, as well as scholars, were embracing the mystical and ascetical visions of Teilhard de Chardin or Bonhoeffer because they seemed to respond to either the optimism or the "God-silence" of those years. Much that was described as "revolutionary change" was actually the dragging of a dottering church into the twentieth century and a too-late acceptance of the discoveries of modern science, the results of advanced Scripture scholarship, and those principles of individual liberty that most of the world had held for generations.

Nevertheless, those were years of real progress. Although we still live with tension on issues like abortion and aid to education, the problem of church-state relations in America was resolved on the theoretical level by John Courtney Murray, S.J., and on the practical level by John F. Kennedy. Although religious orders lost a disturbing number of their members in the process, they at least reassessed their vocations and life-styles in the light of the "new" theology. A new understanding of the church as the people of God brought on shared decision-making in some dioceses and religious orders. And the ecumenical movement, when it has been well-grounded in historical research, was moving us closer to the common heritage we share with our Anglo-Catholic and Protestant brothers and sisters, particularly in our understanding of the Eucharist and the ministry.

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Now American theologians, while making sure that what was gained ten years ago is not lost in this transitional period, must consolidate their resources for serious scholarship in a way that will both insulate them from threats and fads and still not isolate them from the unique religious and moral problems of the 1970s and '80s.

First of all, to fulfill their joint mission, theologians —including Scripture scholars, dogmatists, moralists and those in religious eductaion—must be free from the slanderous harassment that has poured out of the right-wing Catholic press during the past year.

With the September publication of its letter to the American bishops defending its scholars against the irresponsible and unfounded attacks of *The Wanderer, The National Catholic Register, Catholic Currents, Triumph, Pro Ecclesia* and other publications, the executive board of the Catholic Biblical Association finally fought back against what had long been a well-orchestrated campaign to undermine the influence—even by destroying the reputations—of highly respected progressive and moderate Scripture scholars and theologians. The right-wing strategy is apparently to snipe away at a handful of leading scholars until they have rendered their victims "controversial." Thus, the scenario goes, the seats on national commissions, the ears of the bishops and the intellectual atmosphere of the church will belong to the fundamentalists and the extreme right.

Scholars must always be ready to take criticisms from their peers; but, to read through a stack of columns by Frank Morriss and other Catholic mud-slingers is to weep at the sight of people with no visible theological training trying to tell the rest of the Catholic population what is orthodox theology. Meanwhile, outstanding scholars like Rev. Raymond Brown, a member of the Pontifical Biblical Commission, and university presidents like Rev. Robert Henle, S.J., of Georgetown, have been forced to waste valuable time and energy defending their reputations and their institutions against people who are more interested in dragging "suspect" priests into a fight than in discovering the truth.

The ever-moderate Father Brown stressed in his superbly-balanced April 23, 1973 keynote address to the NCEA that theologians should safeguard the trust that had grown up between the bishops and themselves during Vatican II; and he warned that: "The real danger is from those ultra-liberals who scorn serious theology and from those ultra-conservatives who see in every investigation a threat to faith." It would have been good if the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, who are primarily responsible for the spread of the Gospel, had used their recent meeting to return the favor, deflate the vilifiers of *The Wanderer* ilk, and publicly support the theologians under attack.

Second, theologians should consolidate their resources at large university centers so that theology—the study of God's Word and his action in history—may be pursued in dialogue and debate with other disciplines and other beliefs. According to a recent study of advanced professional education (*Change*, November 1973) none of the top-ranked theology schools—Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Chicago, Berkeley and Princeton—is a Catholic institution, although newly-moved Jesuit seminaries are affiliated with four of them. Would it be too much to hope that there is still room for an ecumenically-oriented, national Catholic theological center that would attract America's best scholars and theology students, particularly those promising seminarians who are capable of graduate work but who are not sufficiently challenged by diocesan seminaries? Indeed, the bishops should consider educating all their priests at real universities; the inadequacy and intellectual isolation of past seminary education is in great part responsible for the present sorry gap between the so-called "elite" theologians and the priests and people on the parish level today.

With this in mind, the decision of the New York and Maryland Jesuit provincials to move the remaining resources of Woodstock College from New York to Washington, where they are to serve as a "center for theological reflection," is a crucial one. (The move involves a few faculty and the 150,000-volume library to be housed at Georgetown.) At the seat of national political and religious power, the center could have a healthy influence on the bishops and—we would hope—raise a critical and prophetic voice against the abuses of both secular and ecclesiastical power. We would feel better, if the center's goals were less vague; if its scholars were to have regular faculty status at Georgetown and/or Catholic University where they could influence—and be influenced by—younger minds; and if its relationship with an analogous Washington religious and social research group, the Center of Concern, were formalized—so that reflection on the Word of God would lead more readily to reflection on the suffering of men.

Finally, Father Theodore Hesburgh, citing Edward Schillebeeckx, recently reminded a Yale audience that for centuries the church has devoted its attention to formulating truths while doing comparatively little for the betterment of the world. It seems therefore that the future theology must deal with the relationships between belief, morality and the cultural changes wrought by technology, overpopulation, genetics, the arms race, the rise of civic religion, the over-all collapse of confidence in secular institutions, and each new idol—be it money, nation or personal pwer—that men put in place of one true God.

In keeping with what has become common magazine practice, Commonweal *publishes no year-end issue. The next issue will be dated Jan. 11. To all our readers, our very best wishes for the Christmas season.*

THE EDITORS

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The Warp and Woof of It

"The money is not that important to me," Mrs. Doris Bowers said as she looked at a check representing a back pay settlement of $33,476 from J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc. "My convictions are more important."

A federal court ruled that Mrs. Bowers was illegally discharged in March of 1968 by J.P. Stevens for her union activity. She had worked ten years for Stevens at its Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, plant complex. She was proud of her excellent work record. In spite of her record, J. P. Stevens' management told Mrs. Bowers that she was being let go because of her poor work-performance. Recently, Mrs. Bowers, along with seven other Stevens workers throughout the Carolinas, received back pay totaling over $106,000. By June of this year J. P. Stevens had been forced by the courts to pay out over $1,300,000 in back wages to 287 of its employees who were illegally fired because of their union activity.

The J. P. Stevens company was founded by ex-sea-captain Nathaniel Stevens in 1813 at North Andover, Massachusetts. The direction of the company has been handed down from father to son since that time. The current head is crusty Robert T. Stevens, former Secretary of the Army under President Eisenhower.

J. P. Stevens is the second largest textile company in the world. The company employs about 40,000 workers in some 80 plants spread mainly throughout the South. About half of the Stevens plants are located in North and South Carolina.

The Stevens company started moving its operations from the North to the South in the 1930s. Like the other large textile chains, Stevens moved to escape the high wages paid to unionized workers in New England where the industry began in this country. Presently, only a handful of Stevens plants are operated outside the South where the wage scale is low and the workers non-union.

Southern textile workers are among the lowest paid industrial workers in the country. The average wage of North Carolina textile workers was $2.77 an hour in June of this year while South Carolina textile workers averaged $2.80 an hour. For the half a million textile workers in the Carolinas their wage scale is far below the national all-manufacturing standard of around $4.00 ɲ hour. The Textile Workers Union of America reports ɴt only 10 to 15 percent of North and South Carolina ˈe workers are organized.

s. Bowers says she supported the union because of ›le working conditions at her plant and the low had no job security at Stevens," Mrs. Bowers said; "there was no guarantee with anything you had." As for wages, Mrs. Bowers remembers when she first went to work at Stevens "they only met the minimum wage in the weave room and I was worked like a dog."

The Textile Workers Union of America has waged a 10-year-long campaign to organize Stevens workers. During the last decade the Stevens company has compiled a thorny record of labor-law violations.

Refereeing the labor-management melee is the National Labor Relations Board. The NLRB is a special government agency charged with supervision of the numerous federal labor laws. The NLRB is empowered to conduct secret ballot elections to determine if a majority of workers in petitioning plants wish to be represented by a union.

According to Stevens spokesmen none of their plants is organized. "In none of our plants has the vote of employees been in favor of the union. Again and again, they have voted against the union," said a Stevens official. The union points out that the J. P. Stevens company has a history of flagrant violations of the labor laws which they contend has denied Stevens workers the chance to vote in a fair election.

In September the union was again attempting to organize a group of Stevens workers. Union organizers had petitioned for a union election at the Stevens plant in Wallace, South Carolina. During the course of the election campaign the motel phone of one of the organizers was wiretapped. As a result of an F.B.I. investigation a wiretap device was found on the organizer's phone, and three Stevens officials from the Wallace plant were suspended pending the results of the federal investigation.

Two days before the election date at Wallace, 22 more Stevens workers were fired. The NLRB stopped the Wallace election so that it could study charges that the workers were fired for supporting the union.

The stormy labor history of J. P. Stevens represents a remarkable case of violations of the federal labor laws. Law and order stops at the plant gate for J. P. Stevens. The company has been found guilty of hundreds of violations of the labor laws, yet no effective remedy has been found to halt these actions.

"I never tried to hide my support for the union," Mrs. Bowers said. "I supported the union just as much for others as myself." The struggle for industrial democracy continues among J. P. Stevens workers. Mrs. Bowers and other J. P. Stevens workers believe that "justice delayed is justice denied." Stevens workers take little solace in the court's decision. Stevens workers know that 22 more people at yet another mill were discharged, in spite of the court decisions, during the most recent union campaign.

PHILIP SPARKS

(Philip Sparks is a North Carolina-based free-lance writer who has written frequently on the problems of textile workers.)

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BOOKS FOR YOUR STOCKING

PETER STEINFELS

I AM disappointed. No one has asked me to prepare a Christmas book list. Throughout the entire year I have been reading assiduously, planning to impress the world with my serious outlook, my universal interests, my faultless taste; I would balance my recommendations with the kind of care usually reserved for political tickets: fiction by Thomas Pynchon and a couple of Latin Americans, a university press book on newly discovered Pythagorean variants of the Hippocratic Oath or the sexual proclivities of Victorian scripture scholars, two volumes of poetry (one slim and new, the other fat and collected), the biography of an oppressed female member of the Bloomsbury set, a cross section of social criticism, and one detective story (just folks).

But nobody asked me.

It would be wrong, however, to deprive a vast public of my reading insights. So asked or unasked, here are my Christmas choices for 1973:

How-to books had a prominent place in my recent reading. Seldom have their been so many helpful books by genuine experts in a single year.

Baby and Child Care by Andrew Greelel (Macmillan, $9.95; paperbound, $1.25) is this month's book by the author of *Sexual Intimacy* and *A New Agenda.* Greeley has completely rewritten the Spock classic, ably demonstrating how most child-rearing problems stem from the failure of Catholic intellectuals to heed the data he uncovered in his studies of Catholic schools. (Macmillan has announced that Greeley's next book—to appear in January—will be *A Guide to Heart Surgery,* and will fearlessly expose the failure of Catholic intellectuals to heed Greeley's data on Catholic schools.)

Along with the Greeley *opus,* no Christmas list should be without *A Primer to Middle East Politics* by Daniel Berrigan (Macmillan, $5.95). Berrigan's analysis of the Israeli-Arab conflict, based on years of research in the Danbury prison library and on interviews with almost thirteen fellow war-resisters, shows how the Vietnam war provides a key to understanding all international conflicts no matter what the details or in what part of the globe. This is the best book on foreign affairs since Walt Rostow proved the same thing about the Munich crisis. Also among the how-to books is *Save on Taxes and Buy Your Wife a Nice, Cloth Coat,* (McGraw-Hill, $4.95), a disarming handbook on tax loopholes "for the little man," by the distinguished Wall Street lawyer, Richard M. Nixon.

Political autobiography this year included *Coke—It's the Real Thing* (Random House, $7.95), Abbie Hoffman's charming account of his life as a non-conformist cocaine dealer. Selling cocaine, says Hoffman winningly, is just another symbolic political act protected by the First Amendment. For the first time, Hoffman also reveals that the profits from his sales were entirely donated to nursing homes for the elderly in Brooklyn.

In *Right from the Start* (Doubleday, $8.95), George Meany explains how his long-time opposition to the war in Vietnam, his encouragement of the ecology movement's warnings energy, his uncanny clairvoyance about Watergate, and his vigorous opposition to Nixon, Agnew and Mitchell qualify him to lead the Democratic party in place of various muddle-headed McGovernite intellectuals. The doughty labor leader makes his case in his usual blunt style.

In two consecutive volumes, *The Invisible Man* and *Nobody Knows My Name* (Dial, $7.95 each), Eldridge Cleaver delivers himself of a gentle narrative of life on his Vermont commune. Jerry Rubin comes to do bio-energetics, Timothy Leary drops in and tunes up, Jane Hayden and Tom Fonda hoe the pumpkins and milk the cows, Stokely Carmichael plays charades. The last chapter, "Ghosts of Christmas Past" is touching.

Moving from political autobiography to political fiction, we find Allen Drury, in *High Crimes and Misdemeanors* (Stein and Day, $10.95), portraying the frame-up of a popular President by pacifist plotters who contrive a phony break-in of the opposition party's offices, forge incriminating memos from the President's advisors, and even destroy evidence by remote control in order to precipitate a Constitutional crisis. At the end, the President is saved by a bit of amateur sleuthing on the part of his determined daughter—but not before the pacifists have revealed themselves as Kremlin agents. Never a dull moment.

Drury's perennial contender for the crown of America's greatest novelist, Norman Mailer, has not rested on his laurels either. Mailer's 800,000-word introduction to the photo essay *Jesus* (Grosset & Dunlap, $85) has raised some hackles—charges of plagiarism, and protests of wild speculations like Mailer's suspicion that his subject was actually crucified, or that supernatural forces were constantly intervening in Jesus' activities. This is not really a book about Jesus, of course; but about Mailer, about the disappointment he feels that Jesus did not wait till his own (Mailer's) lifetime to reveal himself, and about the risks and opportunities of myth-making. Mailer has announced he is contributing the proceeds to nursing homes for the elderly in Brooklyn.

I could go on: *The Wit and Wisdom of Maharaj Ji,* edited by Rennie Davis (Trident, $5.95); John Kenneth Galbraith's *Collected Letters-to-the-Editor of the New York Times* (Quadrangle, $14.95); *My Best Book Ever* (Simon & Schuster, $6.95), Philip Roth's fantasy about a Jewish stowaway on the Mayflower; and so on.

One thing. If your neighborhood bookstore says it doesn't have any of these books, pound on the counter, kick, and scream. Tell them you read about it here.

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INCARNATION 1973

REFLECTIONS AT CHRISTMAS

AVERY DULLES

(Continued from front cover)

Man's myth-making propensity can easily distort the true meaning of the story. The alienated imagination tends to depict the Incarnation as though it meant a magical universe, a charmed existence, a divine charade. It constructs a mythological Jesus, in which the human nature of Jesus is either ignored or treated as though miraculously transformed. Popular piety, stimulated by pulpit oratory and sentimental theology, has sometimes suggested that Jesus was never tempted —at least not seriously—and that he was not ignorant of anything that it would have been important for him to know.

Critical theology, however, tells us that Jesus was not a god masquerading as a man, but a man as human as ourselves. The reality of Jesus' human nature, unequivocally affirmed in the ancient councils, has been poignantly sketched for us in the Synoptic Gospels and the Letter to the Hebrews. The theology of our day presents the Incarnation with sober realism. It has no difficulty in acknowledging that Jesus experienced fear, pain, disappointment, and surprise; that he learned obedience from the things that he suffered; that in some sense he walked in darkness and lived by faith. In his earthly career Jesus did not experience the full effects of his divinity; he was not immune to the anxieties and ambiguities of the human condition. This human portrayal of Jesus is not only more credible but also more religiously meaningful than the mythological projection of Jesus as a god who merely pretended to share our lot.

Yet there is more than this to the mystery of Jesus. He was not just one of us. He is our Lord and Redeemer, the incarnate Word of God. Although his divinity was distinct from his humanity, there was no separation of natures. Divine life belonged to Jesus' very self; it was constitutive of his person. For this reason his life on earth could be one of unbroken union with God. In his temptations, notwithstanding the darkness, he remained faithful. In his risen life Jesus moved from darkness into unclouded light. The divine and the human now peacefully compenetrate, seeming almost to coincide. In the post-resurrection appearances Jesus manifests himself as totally self-possessed, redolent of divinity.

Incarnation, however, is not yet resurrection. The mystery of Christmas focuses on the beginnings of the process by which the Word of God enfleshes himself in the life of a man. Flesh in Jesus, as in us, is a principle of passivity, vulnerability, transience, weakness, and mortality. The flesh of Jesus, as yet unglorified by the divinity, made room for the possibility of the Cross. By passing through suffering and death the flesh of Jesus was prepared for its new life in God.

The Incarnation, as a paradoxical meeting-ground of the divine and the human, illumines the mystery of the Church and the mystery of man. According to Vatican II, the mystery of the Church may be compared "by a most excellent analogy" to that of the incarnate Word. The Church is an abiding union between the Spirit of Jesus and the community of those who believe in Jesus. As in Christology, so in ecclesiology, there are two fundamental heresies. The first heresy would be to divinize the Church, overlooking its human component; the second would be to think of the Church as merely human, neglecting the unfailing presence of the Holy Spirit.

FATHER AVERY DULLES, S.J., *professor of systematic theology at Woodstock College, is the author of* The Survival of Dogma.

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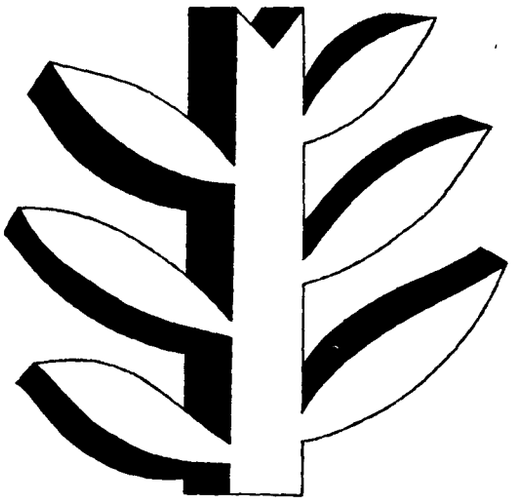
Like the Incarnation, the Church is both a myth and a mythology. The myth powerfully represents for us the saving mystery of the Church, exposing us to its healing radiance. The mythology perverts the myth, substituting fantasy for realism. Exploiting the mythology, church leaders sometimes claim magical powers, refuse to give account of their actions, and resist necessary reforms—all this in the name of God. The mythology likewise renders the faithful docile, blunts their critical faculties, and lulls them into false complacency. Both office-holders and lay people are tempted to invoke the mythology in order to escape their responsibilities toward God and toward each other.

As against this pseudo-divinization there is an opposite error that sees only the human in the Church.



It is easy in our time to become a disillusioned cynic, to defame responsible leaders, to spread bitterness and distrust. Faith resists this temptation; it opens up our minds to the authentic experience of the Church, attuning us to perceive the Spirit's presence. To the eyes of faith, God is at work in the hearts of Christians, enabling them to believe, to pray, and to respond to the challenges that come their way. He is active likewise in the hearts of teachers and pastors, helping them to persevere in their exacting and often thankless tasks.

The Christian believer must be loyal to the Church, for the Church is truly of God. Yet he must be critical, for the Church is truly of man. The Church's fidelity to the gospel cannot be taken for granted: it must be won anew in every generation. The dialectical interplay of the divine and the human in the Church gives rise to a certain ambivalence. We must give ourselves totally to the divine while resisting whatever stems from the perversity of man. It is difficult to combine steadfast loyalty with critical vigilance. We have all had to deal with loyal Christians who do not know how to be critical, and with critical Christians whose loyalty is in doubt. A solid but sober faith will equip us to be both loyal and critical, firm and pliant, as the occasion requires. It will instruct us when to speak up and when to accept the discipline of silence. The incarnate Word provides us with models of both protest and submission.

Christians are sometimes tempted to imagine that the Incarnation has no saving efficacy beyond the borders of the Church. The message of Christmas, however, assures us that God is redemptively involved not simply in the life of Jesus or that of the Church, but in human history as a whole. "By his Incarnation," says Vatican II, "the Son of God has united himself in some fashion with every man." Christ calls us to a new consciousness whereby we can find the same divine mystery at work in ourselves and in the brothers and sisters who least resemble us. He helps us to build community not only with our fellow Christians but with Jews, Moslems, Hindus, and the secular humanists. Jesus is present in every human person, far or near, who can help us or be helped by us. The Church at its best is a sign of God's saving love extended toward all mankind.

Can Americans in our day hope to capture the mood of Christmas? Now that the euphoria of Camelot has evanesced, can the myth of Christmas stand? Amid all the cruel revelations of 1973, can we warm up to this season of tinsel and festive gatherings? Can we celebrate the coming of the Prince of Peace when for millions of our fellow men the messianic age seems never to have dawned?

The mythology of Christmas, no doubt, would require us to deny or trivialize the very real evils under which our nation and our world are groaning—the corruption, dishonesty, and scandals that pervade both public and private life. But the myth of Christmas, as distinct from the mythology, demands no make-believe. The incarnate Word does not remove the agony and the riddles of human existence, but takes them on himself. He does not abolish evil but redeems it. For the Christian, as for others, there will still be senseless accidents, painful illnesses, long convalescences and cold, hungry days. There will be seasons of loneliness, when we are not welcomed or appreciated by anyone on earth. Death will cast its long shadow over our lives, as Calvary casts its shadow over Bethlehem. But, thanks to Christ, the promise of resurrection also casts its rays before it "like a lamp shining in a dark place."

"Only in the mystery of the incarnate Word," the recent Council tells us, "does the mystery of man take on light." Jesus enables us to believe—though not to see—that human life, with all its contradictions, is the place where God is preeminently found. Unlike every mythology, the myth of the Incarnation gives us strength to face up to the harsh realities of our fragmented world, to feel and to transmit the touch of God's reconciling love. Incarnation does not provide us with a ladder by which to escape from the ambiguities of life and scale the heights of heaven. Rather, it enables us to burrow deep into the heart of planet earth and find it shimmering with divinity.

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THE FUTURE OF THE CATHOLIC PEACE MOVEMENT

GORDON C. ZAHN

A personal appraisal of where to go from here

With the situation in Indochina still highly uncertain, it may seem premature to turn our attention to the postwar prospects of the Catholic peace-and-resistance movement. In actual fact, it may already be too late. There is a tendency, once a war has come to its end, for those who have opposed it at no small cost to themselves in terms of personal strains and difficulties to breathe a sigh of welcome relief and retreat into anonymity and retirement. At the end of World War II, the Catholic peace movement (such as it was) fragmented and all but disappeared. If this is not to happen again, now is the appropriate time to consider the question of where we go from here.

Most immediately, of course, there is the need to deal with issues and problems related to the war, the "unfinished business" at home that still remains. Foremost among these is the question of amnesty for the war-resisters. Bringing back the exiles and wiping the record clear for American prisoners of conscience may prove to be harder to accomplish than those other objectives which commanded so much time, money and dedication over the long years of the war. Yet none of us who had any part in the various demonstrations and campaigns to awaken others to the realization that our government had committed this nation and its human and material resources to an essentially unjust and immoral war can walk away and abandon the young men who, once they "got our message," put themselves in extreme personal jeopardy rather than take part in the unholy venture. Since many of these men are Catholics who were unable to gain recognition as conscientious objectors because obedience to the traditional teachings of the Church made their objection "selective," they have a special claim upon the continued efforts of those who consider themselves part of a Catholic peace movement.

We have a responsibility, too, to do everything possible to free the political prisoners held by the tyrannical regime our nation's leaders have seen fit to install and maintain in South Vietnam. As long as individuals who dared speak out for peace and reconciliation when such words were defined as treason are locked in their tiger cages and subject to the inhuman torture from which many have died or suffered permanent injury, we cannot even speak of the war as a thing of the past. Nor can we omit from this catalogue of "loose ends" the damage done to North Vietnam and its population. Whether we describe it in ego-saving terms as reconstruction aid or more honestly face up to obligations of making reparations, we in the peace movement have to do all we can to persuade our fellow-citizens of the moral rightness of such programs and use what influence we have to promote disbursement of the necessary funds through international channels so that the danger of substituting American economic domination of Indochina for the unsuccessful attempt at military domination may be minimized.

Only when these things have been done—when all forms of American military involvement have ended; when the exiles are amnestied and prisoners of conscience in Vietnam and America freed; when the devastated areas throughout Indochina have been rebuilt—will the war really have come to an end. Even then, however, the books must not be closed on the Vietnam experience. There are still the lessons to be learned and applied. At the immediate, most pragmatic, level, the lessons have to do with foreign policies and alignments of world power which produced Vietnam in the first place and which, unless they are reconsidered and drastically revised, are almost certain to produce "other Vietnams" in Latin America and elsewhere. It will be the task of an alert and effective peace movement to expose this danger and its sources and to promote the new policies and priorities which will be required if the peace we are so eager to welcome is to endure.

There is a corollary to this that, in a very real sense, is even more important. The war may have been the logical outcome of national policies and economic practices, but these in turn reflect a failure of moral and theological controls which made them and their tragic consequences possible. It will be a matter of highest priority, then, that the peace movement force an objective after-the-fact assessment of the war according to traditional just war conditions and principles; indeed, such a review by theologians and other competent scholars should address itself to the more fundamental question of whether the just war tradition is itself valid in the context of modern war. This should have been done after World War II: after all, a leading German

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theologian had counseled the Catholics of Nazi Germany against raising the issue of the justice of the war before all the evidence was in; unfortunately, once the war was over and all the evidence was at hand, the matter seems to have been dropped. Vietnam and the excesses perpetrated on both sides of the conflict have given us a second chance, a "test case" that virtually cries out for systematic theological analysis and explicit judgment as to the justice of the war and the permissibility of active participation in its prosecution. I, for one, have no doubt whatsoever that the Indochina war can be shown to have violated most, if not all, of the conditions of the just war. Further, I am convinced that this will be true of any war, certainly any war we have experienced or are likely to experience. It should be a function of a viable Catholic peace movement to force these pacifist hypotheses to the test.

There are some, of course, who would question the existence of a "viable Catholic peace movement," preferring to explain the record of opposition to Vietnam (and, by extension, to World War II as well) as a scattering of parallel individual responses to a given set of stimuli. This, it seems to me, is unduly pessimistic. Even when one grants the obvious truth that overall organization and direction was lacking in both instances, there was enough awareness of broad common objectives and similarity of action—imposed often enough by circumstances and governmental authority—with both linked to shared religious values to justify the use of the "movement" description. Catholic resistance to the Indochina war took many forms ranging from mild, even private, expressions of dissent and disapproval to the more dramatic draft board raids and other forms of open civil disobedience. Participants in the one may not have approved of the course chosen by the others, but all were likely to recognize and even "identify" with the existence of something they called a "movement" as a uniting, if not always a unifying, force.

Granted this may not meet all the strict criteria for the sociological ideal of a social movement, enough of the defining characteristics are present to justify applying that generic term. The movement's "viability" is quite another question, and the answer may well depend upon what happens at this precise point in time. After World War II, the already fragmented "movement," represented for the most part by the relatively few Catholic conscientious objectors who performed alternate service and their even fewer supporters, dissolved completely until nothing remained to show for it but the Catholic Worker, its principal benefactor throughout the war period, and a scattering of individuals who took it upon themselves to maintain occasional contact with one another and do what they could to keep a peace witness alive. This history must not be allowed to repeat itself.

Present indications of what will happen are mixed. Here and there one gets word of peace activists who have moved on to experiments in communal living which, as they describe their hopes and intentions, will deepen their commitment to peace by creating a life-style more conducive to the fullest expression of the Gospel teachings. The great majority, however seem to have passed through the war and its experiences with little or nothing more than the minimum of contact with one another, a poor foundation on which to build any promise of continuity. The Catholic Peace Fellowship's draft-counseling services were extended to many young men—numbering in the hundreds each month at the height of the war, I have been told—most of whom were seeking information on how they might gain classification as conscientious objectors; few of them troubled to become members of the organization which provided them with such crucial assistance at their time of need or to contribute anything to its support. It is not at all encouraging that this most tangible sign of a Catholic peace movement can manage to sustain its always precarious existence only by the contributions and participation of the "older generation" of Catholic pacifists and, to an even greater extent, by the subsidy provided by its "parent" organization, the non-denominational Fellowship of Reconciliation. So, too, with American PAX Society, recently accepted as the American section of Pax Christi International. If anything, this group which has some significant contributions to its credit with respect to "getting the peace message" to the American bishops and other "influentials" has had an even harder time of it in attracting active members and the finances it requires.

Assessment

This, then, is the situation today. An assessment of the postwar prospects for a viable Catholic peace movement must take account of its present strengths and weaknesses. To put these into sharpest perspective, it may be helpful to compare the current situation with the one that prevailed at the end of World War II. For obvious reasons, what follows will have to be a highly impressionistic review, one colored by my own values and conceptualizations of what such a movement and its objectives should be. I am fully aware that these "biases," if one chooses to call them that, may lead me to conclusions that the new generation of peace activists may find questionable if not altogether unacceptable.

To begin on a positive and noncontroversial note, let us consider the strengths. Compared to the situatic that obtained in 1945, the Catholic opposition to w as it enters the post-Vietnam era can claim a advantage in numbers, a deeper (or, at least, daring) level of commitment, and some real v to its credit. Catholic objectors in Civilian Public during World War II numbered 135 with perhaps a Service victories more great war

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slightly smaller number of "resisters" in prison and a considerably larger, though still relatively inconsequential, number of men classified as objectors and assigned to noncombat duty in the military forces. Over and above these, there were a few priests and others willing to encourage and support them in their opposition to the war, but for the most part they were either ignored or publicly scorned by their fellow Catholics. The Vietnam years, in contrast, have witnessed large numbers of young Catholics seeking (and to a surprising degree, gaining) the CO classification while others went to prison for refusing to register, burning their draft cards, and other forms of activist resistance. Even more remarkable was the extent to which Catholics who, for reason of sex or age, were not subject to the draft but, nevertheless, found ways to register opposition to the war—marching and demonstrating; collecting vast sums of money for the ever-proliferating defense funds; refusing to pay telephone and other taxes; and engaging in overt civil disobedience. The "great Catholic peace conspiracy" may have represented only a small segment of the total Catholic population, but its determination and its visibility made it a phenomenon unique in modern Church history.

It is that note of determination that represents the second basic strength noted above. The comparison in terms of intensity of commitment and dedication is more difficult to establish. Certainly the readiness (at time *eagerness*) to embrace the "prison witness" was not that much in evidence on the part of the opposition to World War II. Although there were men in prison for refusal to register and, relatively late in the war, for refusing to continue the "cooperation" represented by the alternate service program, it is safe to assume that most of the Catholic war opponents in prison were there because their draft boards had rejected their requests for classification as conscientious objectors, leaving prison as the only alternative to violating their consciences. In short, most of the visible opponents to that war were law-abiding in their opposition. It would be unfair, however, to let the comparison stand at that without noting the obvious point that the mere fact of standing in opposition to the extremely popular "crusade" against Hitler and the infamous "Japs" was in itself an act that called for a greater measure of commitment than would the mere fact of opposition to the unpopular war in Indochina.

Be that as it may, the war's unpopularity, coupled with the readiness to confront the war-makers more aggressively even to the point of civil disobedience, provided the third great strength of the Catholic peace movement as it moves into the postwar period, namely the truly significant victories it can claim. Most immediately obvious, of course, are the victories won in the courtroom. Camden, and Harrisburg before it, demonstrated a major reversal of judicial procedures. This writer, among others, was denied the opportunity to testify at the first Berrigan trial (for the Baltimore blood-pouring) because what I would have said was considered extraneous and irrelevant to the "crime" as narrowly defined. Camden, in contrast, was permitted to develop into an extended "teach-in" for the benefit of the jury (and the broader public, to the extent that the strangely erratic and limited press coverage permitted) on the evils of the Vietnam war and the national policies which made it inevitable. The hung jury at Harrisburg and the acquittals at Camden would have been unthinkable at earlier points in the legal struggles; they would have been nothing short of miraculous in the atmosphere of World War II.

There is, however, an even more significant set of "victories" for the Catholic peace movement represented in the distinct change of posture reflected in the official statements of the American hierarchy—most specifically in its endorsement of conscientious objection as a legitimate moral option for the Catholic, its recommendations in support of selective conscientious objection, and the public call, overly qualified though it may have been, for amnesty toward anti-war exiles and deserters. How lasting a victory this will be depends in large part on where we go from here. If the Catholic peace movement disintegrates and diminishes to a weak and uninspired minority within the Church, most of what has been gained in this respect will be lost.

"Weaknesses"

Which brings us to the question of the "weaknesses" I see in the movement as it faces the postwar challenge. It is with considerable reluctance that I approach this subject, knowing that much of what I have to say will be misunderstood and that much of what is understood will be rejected. Despite this, the discussion must be opened for the good of the movement itself even at the price of division and dissension. Since there is clearly a generation factor to be taken into account, much of what I see as weakness may appear to others in the movement as a promise of future strength. That, too, is a matter calling for open discussion and debate.

The first critical weakness, as I see it, is an absence of a sufficiently sharp focus, a diffuseness (one might even say confusion) of objectives and tactics that can only operate to the movement's disadvantage. The emphasis in rhetoric and activity upon "systemic" causes and relationships in which war and its evils becomes a symptom or effect has produced a tendency to get involved in too many issues at too many levels. As a result it has spread itself and its activities too thin at the expense of consistency. The few of us who were in the peace movement of World War II were not unaware of "the system" and the relationships between war and other forms of social injustice and im-

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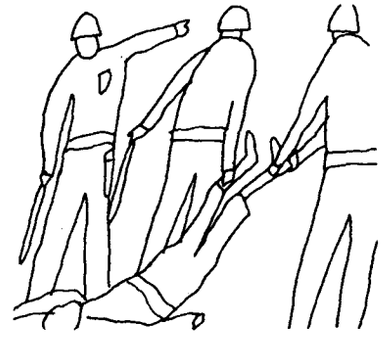
morality. People like Dorothy Day and Paul Hanly Furfey, in their writings and in their work, knew all about such things, Dorothy repeatedly calling to mind the Eric Gill dictum that "it all goes together" and Furfey tracing the interlocking complex of social problems to the workings of "the mystery of iniquity." Even a cursory review of the *Catholic CO* quarterly published briefly during and immediately after the war will show evidence of concern for such things as racism, labor justice, the evils of urbanism, and support for "Christian anarchism." I recall lively discussions in our CO camp supporting Gandhi in his movement for Indian independence, exploring the possibilities of ecumenism, and a wide range of similar topics. Nevertheless there was no question as to what should be given priority in our thought and action: these were the *peace* issues. And what were they? An end to the war; elimination of the draft; disarmament; effective international organization (involving, as most of us saw it, an end to divisive state sovereignty); and the promotion of nonviolence as the alternative to war. I would suggest that these are still, or should be, the concerns claiming priority for a Catholic peace movement today—with the issue of amnesty for war-resisters added at the head of the list.

This does not mean that individuals in the peace movement will not also be engaged in other movements for racial justice, poverty rights and the end to imperialism. Nor does it mean that the Catholic peace movement I envision could not, or even should not, participate in coalition activity. When it does choose to participate, however, it should be as an independent equal among others, joining with these others where issues and concerns overlap but never for a moment surrendering or abandoning its prior commitment to its own special purposes and objectives. Far too often, social action coalitions have degenerated into a bureaucratic intermingling of a wide-ranging variety of organizations and movements which, in order to attract the largest possible "body count" are forced to settle for a "least common denominator" program to avoid offending any of the coalition partners. There is nothing in my suggestion which precludes *ad hoc* participation in immediate emergency demonstrations (a Selma march, a Wounded Knee protest, etc.) but this is far removed from the type of situation in which the Catholic peace movement submerges itself in coalition efforts, dissipating its energies and impact by whirling from one "cause" to the next on a "crusade-a-week" basis.

That a Catholic peace movement should give priority to issues most directly related to its special peace commitment ought to be self-evident. By the same token, one should be able to take it for granted that a Catholic peace movement should be, before all else, recognizably Catholic. The second weakness I see relates to this. It is my impression that many who have involved themselves in the movement are inclined to play down or ignore—in some cases consciously divest themselves of—a Catholic identity and the behavioral limitations it might impose upon them. If it means anything at all, a Catholic identity would seem to require that the movement and its members, at the very least, present themselves as loyal and committed members of the institutional Church performing an important, though sadly neglected, part of her mission.

At first glance this may strike the reader as an inexcusably narrow view quite out of keeping with today's ecumenical awakening. It need not be so. There is no reason why close and fraternal cooperation among members of the different faiths cannot be maintained at the same time that the separate religious communities preserve their own special character and approaches to the truth. More to the point, however, there is a sociological dimension (or, if one prefers, a tactical consideration) that must be taken into account. If one speaks in terms of effectiveness of appeal, a clearly and



explicitly Catholic peace movement is the only kind which can hope to reach what has to be its primary target audience, that great majority of Catholics, lay and clergy, who are not yet alert to the pacifist implications of their religious tradition.

Loyalty, in this context, implies acknowledging and respecting the authority structure of the Church no matter how critical one may be of the failures of that structure, no matter how determined he may be to work toward changes in that structure. Commitment means putting the peace mission of the Church above one's personal interests and convenience whenever necessary and, when this is no longer possible, making every reasonable effort to dissociate his personal actions from the movement and its objectives. It is one thing to put oneself above "rules" or "institutional restrictions" one no longer considers valid and to do this as an expression of personal fulfillment; in the long run, such an act of rebellion may even prove to be an exercise of prophetic witness; but when one assumes or accepts a position of identifiable leadership in a social movement, he should feel obliged to weigh the effect of his actions upon that movement and the

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spiritual investment of those members who may not yet share that particular prophetic vision.

It is here, perhaps, where the generation difference suggested earlier is most in evidence. Those involved in the World War II peace movement may be inclined to give too much weight to the demands of ritual performance and institutionally defined precepts than is true of younger people who have come to maturity in a time of rapid and extensive change in the Church's structure and expectations. Those of us who came out of our CPS camps and felt it important to keep a Catholic peace witness alive may have been too deeply bound to what might be called the "Caesar's wife syndrome." Simply stated, this involved governing our personal lives, and our religious behavior in particular, in such a way as to avoid bringing discredit upon the movement. We saw to it that we met our Mass obligations, observed the fasts, either lived celibate lives or entered into and kept faithful to sacramental marriages. We failed often enough, of course, but we recognized those failures as failures. We, too, were frustrated by the unresponsiveness of the Church's leadership, the dull liturgies, the poor quality of the sermons; but these did not seem to be reason enough to "drop out" and shop around until we found something more congenial to our tastes. If we did, we no longer considered it proper to represent ourselves as spokesmen for the Catholic peace movement. If this is regarded today as "servility toward the system," it did not prevent our working to change that system—often enough with a remarkable degree of success. But we considered the Church important enough to work within the institutional structure and by the rules of that structure.

Times, practices and attitudes have changed so that what mig[illegible]ow be dismissed as "instrumental conformity" [illegible]given way to more forthright (some, not so cha[illegible] might say less hypocritical) expressions of r[illegible]al morality. The problem is that "doing on[illegible]thing" spiritually frequently translates itself i[illegible]textil[illegible]f elitism with the "liberated" Catholic Mr[illegible]l" to the majority of the Catholic com- intolerab[illegible]whether we like it or not—lag behind in wages. "I[illegible]al and liturgical conservatism. Again, if [illegible]eace movement is to get anywhere, this is the target audience we must reach and win over. Anything which is so likely to offend and alienate them has to be regarded as a serious weakness.

Let me not be misunderstood on this point. This is not a proposal to "read out" of the movement those who sincerely feel they can no longer be bound by restrictions they find outmoded or personally repressive. No one can arrogate to himself the power to purge or police the Catholic peace movement. All I would ask is that individuals who come into positions of prominence recognize that this might impose special obligations of self-discipline and, if they no longer feel willing or able to meet the standard behavioral criteria for (one is almost embarrassed to use the term) "the good Catholic," as defined by those we are trying to persuade, lower their profile as symbols or spokesmen for a movement which identifies itself as Catholic.

The objection might be raised that there is no good reason for having a specifically Catholic peace movement. I happen to believe there is, if only because, however much its influence may have diminished, the Roman Catholic Church remains an international body of considerable moral influence. The tremendous impact of the papacy under John XXIII testifies to that potential, and Paul VI has continued his predecessor's efforts toward peace on earth. American Catholics can have a significant role to play in moving the Church toward more effective service to the ideal of international peace and justice, but to do this will require that they be made aware of the opportunity and the obligation which is theirs.

That, as I see it, is the task for the Catholic peace movement as it moves into the post-Vietnam era. My assessment of its prospects is, on balance, favorable. I am convinced that its present strengths far outweigh the weaknesses I have outlined. This, too, is probably a matter of generational perspective. Twenty-five years ago I received my first invitation to address a Catholic audience in support of pacifism and conscientious objection and it was pretty much as a curiosity, as a spokesman for the "lunatic fringe," that I was there. Today those positions are eminently respectable; indeed, it is the just war tradition and its spokesmen who are clearly on the defensive. The next twenty-five years can show even greater progress if we who are pacifists do everything possible, collectively and individually, to maximize our impact.

I have already mentioned two organizations which may have the most to contribute in this respect. Both have ambitious programs in mind which would consolidate the gains that have been made and move on to create that "entirely new attitude" toward war called for by Vatican II. The Catholic Peace Fellowship, as already noted, performed a valuable service by providing draft-counseling when no other Catholic agency was prepared to support and guide young Catholics

NOTE: Readers interested in having more information about the organizations mentioned in this article may write to the following addresses:

(1) Thomas Cornell, Catholic Peace Fellowship, Box 271, Nyack, N. Y. 10960;

(2) Rev. Ed. Guinan, Pax Christi USA, 1335 N St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20005.

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who were subject to service in a war they recognized as unjust and immoral. The CPF is presently engaged in preparing workshops on peace and non-violence to "bring the message" to Catholic schools and into the parish setting. At another level Pax Christi-USA is organizing its efforts to bring the American Catholic community into effective collaboration with the broader programs for peace and development that have been sponsored by Pax Christi International since its founding a quarter century ago. It is significant that even this faint and belated promise of American participation in the worldwide effort was enough to earn special mention in a speech given by Holland's Cardinal Alfrink in London some months ago. Needless to say, there is much to be accomplished by the new organization under its co-moderators Bishops Dozier and Gumbleton before the Cardinal's "particular satisfaction" is justified in fact.

Neither of these organizations can hope to fulfill its promise, however, if the Catholics who have given so much time and effort to the opposition to the Vietnam war "close up shop" and retire into inactivity. Both need funds; more than that, both need members who will assume a share of responsibility for the programs they have undertaken. If only a fraction of the defense funds raised for the various trials of the resistance could now be devoted to this admittedly less dramatic work; if the people who organized the meetings and joined in the demonstrations can now be persuaded to keep their peace commitment alive and active, there is a good chance that the scandals of the recent past which found German Catholics supporting Hitler's wars and American Catholics supporting their nation's unjust involvement in Indochina's civil wars need not be repeated in Latin America and elsewhere in the Third World. Let us not forget that the danger of "other Vietnams" is a real and present danger. The time to deal with it is now, before the threat becomes a reality.

Not everyone in the Catholic peace movement will find the answer in organized activity of the kind represented by the CPF and Pax Christi. Some will continue to prefer giving individual witness, doing what they can through personal influence and example to make their families, friends and neighbors more aware of the Gospel message of peace and non-violence. Still others, as noted earlier, are already forming new communities and creating new life-styles designed to give more perfect expression to their peace commitment. Whichever route one chooses to take, the important thing is for each to make as certain as he can that what has been accomplished in the past few years is not lost or diminished but, rather, becomes the starting point for new and even more impressive advances toward the full acceptance of the pacifist imperative of the Christian faith.

GRAHAM GREENE

A LETTER FROM THE WORKHOUSE

I had travelled too much that year,
and the roads were rough;
I came to this village as the dark dropped,
I had come far enough,
With too little food and too little money,
I couldn't expect
A warm welcome in that landscape of rock
and cold; the effect
Of walking too far with an empty brain and heart
was just what you'd think:
Dizzy and short of breath, oh I'd have gladly offered
what's called the soul for a drink.
In the grey of the moon the village slept,
not even a dog stirred.
I was too late for charity, too late for the police,
yes, I'd have preferred
A cold cell and a crust to this absolute vacancy
of darkness, dumbness, ice.
I passed the inn and the house of the priest:
if I'd had the price
Of half a bed, or half a meal,
I'd have made the doors sing,
But without a sou one slank along
until one reached this—Thing.

I saw the shutters open, and I smelt
the smell of my old trade,
Of wooddust as unmistakable as skin
to a lover: it made
A sense of loss and loneliness: one crept
to see inside—
I'd have given the rest of my life
for the feel of an adze, the pride
Of a level spirit-straight, the smooth
slide of the plane;
There was nothing surprising in what I saw, and yet
no one will see it again.

Only a young man stretched on a bench
in a bare room;
There was so much happiness in the face,
and so much beauty, and why such doom?
I've forgotten all (and no memories since
have been worth the keeping).
No wonder there was such silence and ice that night
in Nazareth,
I had seen God sleeping.

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THE SCREEN

One result of the Watergate scandal has been to renew theories of right-wing conspiracy as a popular entertainment. It's neither a surprise nor an accident that, at this particular moment, two films having first-run engagements are attempts to solve historic murders by attributing them to such conspiracies. One film, *The French Conspiracy,* deals with the 1965 kidnapping in Paris of Moroccan revolutionary Ben Barka. The other one, *Executive Action,* deals with the assassination of President Kennedy. The theories propounded in these films are not new, of course, each having arisen eight or ten years ago, almost simultaneously with the events they would explain. But in their reincarnations here they have undergone a metamorphosis. What originally inspired documentaries and passed for fact now reappears as fiction and mere conjecture. Such theories have a way of doing this the further away we get from the initial event. It's the same process that causes old newspapers to turn yellow and wine to turn to vinegar.

Thus it comes to pass that someone like Mark Lane, who once wrote *Rush to Judgment* as a reply to the Warren Commission, should now be co-author of the story on which *Executive Action* is based. In the mid-sixties Lane could say what he had to say about Kennedy's assassination in a book taking the form of a legal brief, but today he must resort to a much more fantastic scenario to get anyone to listen. Certainly the further away we get from the Kennedy era, the harder it is believing he posed enough of a threat to rich conservatives to have inspired assassination at their hands.

To make us accept its conspiracy theory, *Executive Action* must first try to refurbish Kennedy's radical image with newsreel footage. Spliced into this film on the television sets of the main characters are news clips where Kennedy talks about justice for Negroes or withdrawing American advisors from Vietnam. But seeing the former press conference again now only makes it more apparent what hollow rhetoric it all was then; and in the latter press conference, at the very moment the filmmakers end their clip, it looks as if Kennedy was about to renege on his promise about the withdrawals. This "documentary" aspect of *Executive Action* is so shabbily handled and unpersuasive that, far from lending the whole film authenticity, it makes the patently fictitious plot look even more absurd.

In order to beguile us at all, conspiracy theories must be intricate, but that is also their limitation as movie scripts. The density of the action—the sheer number of episodes required—make style impossible. There's no time to develop a character or introduce a scene. Whatever atmosphere there is must be communicated merely by the set and its appointments. In *Executive Action* the conservative personality is revealed only through the ownership of private railway cars and a Goldwater-like fetish for electronic gear. The drama acted out in such surroundings is vestigial. The tension generated by so audacious a conspiracy is, for instance, reduced to a box of nitroglycerine pills to which the conspirators' major domo (Burt Lancaster) must sometimes resort. At one point he does mumble something about retiring after this job; but when he finally does have a heart attack and succumbs in the very throes of his success, the event is relayed to us by a mere telephone report.

If *The French Conspiracy* does any better, it is because of one character, François Darien (Jean-Louis Trintignant). The film is really a study of Darien rather than the story of Ben Barka's abduction *per se.* Darien was, the theory goes, the weak link in the plan to get rid of Ben Barka (Jean-Marie Volonte). A has-been journalist who had the Moroccan exile's confidence, Darien supposedly allowed a right-wing French businessman (Michel Bouquet) to use him to lure Ben Barka to Paris. Once there he was kidnapped with the

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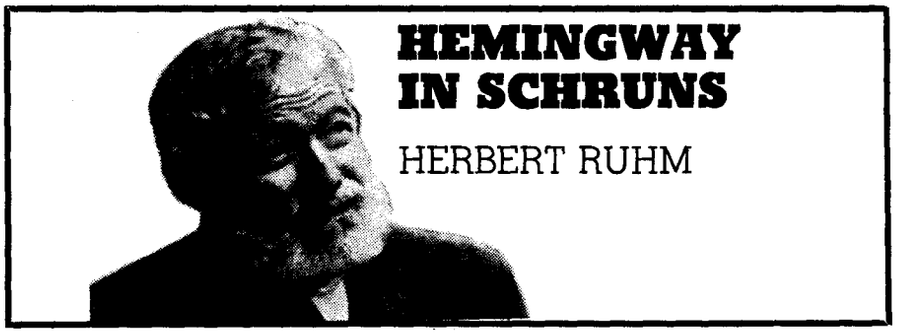
collaboration of various agencies of the Gaullist government and turned over to Moroccan dictator Col. Kassar (Michel Piccoli). Darien is then believed to have had regrets that led him to tape-record a confession with which he tried to blackmail the kidnappers into releasing Ben Barka. But it was already too late for him and Ben Barka as well.

It is neither difficult nor paranoid to believe that Ben Barka was the victim of a conspiracy. But the question at hand here, as in *Executive Action,* is whether this film evinces such a possibility and exposes the conspirators. Perhaps if I were immersed in French politics the way I am in American, *The French Conspiracy* would seem as transparently shallow as *Executive Action* does. It may not be that the former is more sophisticated an interpretation of events, but only that I am more naive where it is concerned.

Offsetting the portrait of Darien, *The French Conspiracy* has in it another journalist who is also an undercover man (C.I.A.), and who is just the sort of bogus character seen in every conspiracy film from *Meet John Doe* to *The Manchurian Candidate* to *Executive Action.* This is the sort of character who, though he at first seems peripheral to events, later pops up unexpectedly to commit a crucial murder, calmly betray a friend, startle us with his new-found importance, and generally keep the conspiracy rolling when there is no other character available to do so. Such figures are wild cards, characters whose face value changes to suit the circumstances. They seem to be necessary because the conspiracy theories never quite manage to fit the given facts and personnel, with the result that someone must be supposed a double agent in order to bridge those facts and close up the gaps in the plot. Too often the only difference between these films and the James Bond fantasies is that, here, James Bond is the villain.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.



HEMINGWAY IN SCHRUNS

HERBERT RUHM

We went to Schruns in the Vorarlberg in Austria . . . [It had] a good year-round hotel called the Taube where we lived.

The rooms at the Taube were large and comfortable with big stoves, big windows. . . . The meals were simple and excellent. . . .

Ernest Hemingway,
A Moveable Feast
New York, 1964

For Gerald and Sarah [Murphy]: Many fetes!

F. Scott Fitzgerald,
Tender Is the Night
New York, 1934, Dedicatory page

Since I was in Feldkirch, Austria, which is on the Austrian-Swiss border, I drove the twenty miles to the village of Schruns in the Montafont Valley of the Austrian region of Vorarlberg. In Schruns, Hemingway writes in *A Moveable Feast,* he spent the winters of 1925 and 1926, living in "very good rooms" with his first wife and first son at the Hotel Taube. The Hotel Taube, I soon discovered, is still standing in Schruns and, as is often the case in Austria, it is also still owned and run by the same family. The hotelkeeper himself, Herr Nels, has since died, but his wife is alive, and one of her two sons, a burly, stocky man in his early forties, runs the hotel now. With the older Herr Nels Hemingway played poker during a two-week period when the snows were too heavy to ski in and too heavy to come down to Schruns in from the Madlener-Haus in the Silvretta mountains where they had taken refuge from a blizzard, as well as with a man named Lent, the proprietor of a ski-school, who lost his ski-school in that poker game.

The Hotel Taube is a whitewashed four-story hostelry with a typical gabled Alpine roof. While Herr Nels brought out a guest book in which Hemingway, his first wife, Hadley, their son, John Hadley Nicanor (nicknamed Bumby), Gerald and Sara Murphy, and John Dos Passos are inscribed on the same page, Frau Nels reminisced about Hemingway. He used to sit at a window (she pointed to it) in the *Stüberl* on Sunday mornings watching the people come out of the church and making notes. He liked blue trout, which is trout that has been boiled and lightly seasoned, and Kirschwasser. On the whole, he was not a good skier; he was active. He talked to everyone, and he took an interest in all things. Mrs. Hemingway she remembered as a very quiet lady, and their son, then two or two-and-a-half years old, as a handsome and well-behaved good boy.

During the first winter, their friends joined them. Mr. Dos Passos, for example, was reserved. She evaded a direct answer about Gerald Murphy. "Only Herr Hemingway was interested and went up in the Silvretta to do the sport, the skiing, and talked to everyone." The second year he came she

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welcomed him happily. After 1926 he did not come to Schruns ever again. There is no photo of Sara Murphy who also signed the guest book, although all the others are pictured on skis. Hemingway looks lean.

"Hemingway's room" is number 22. Only the balcony and the windows have remained the same. There was no bath in the rooms, then, of course, and instead of central heating a big, porcelain-tile stove stood in the corner. (Herr Nels pointed away from the windows.) The balcony still overlooks the central square from which, in the old days, the skiers started their climb on foot to the ski slopes very early in the morning. In the hallway, he said as we went down, the marble floors were all wood.

It was in Schruns in the winter of 1926, in their second season, that Hemingway heard the story of the peasant whose wife had died and who, unable to bring her down in the heavy snow for the funeral until the spring, put her in the woodshed where she froze. When she froze her mouth fell open, and the peasant hung the lantern from her jaw when he went to the shed to fetch wood. Hemingway called this story "An Alpine Idyll." He also rewrote the first draft of *The Sun Also Rises* in 1926, in Schruns, reading the chapters as he finished them to the Murphys. The Murphys, he wrote later, the rich, had discovered him that winter; their "pilot-fish," Dos Passos, had led them to him, bringing a girl from Arkansas along. She became first his wife's best friend (they had known each other in college), and then, when Hemingway fell in love with her, his second wife. That was Pauline Pfeiffer.

The "first and best" of his four wives, as Hemingway calls Hadley in *An African Journal*, which is the second, posthumous, and incomplete book about hunting in Africa, he lost "to the rich" that winter in Schruns. Nothing thereafter would ever again be as good as it was before that winter, he wrote, when he had not yet written his novel and he was living happily in Paris over the sawmill.

In *A Moveable Feast* Hemingway does not name those rich to whom he succumbed and which one identifies from the guest book; and one associates Gerald and Sara Murphy with F. Scott Fitzgerald, who dedicated to them, and built on them, in *Tender Is the Night*. Had Frau Nels also known F. Scott Fitzgerald? She had not. Now here is one who was really interested in the rich. They, he thought, were different. Had Frau or Herr Nels heard of their exchange about the rich? "The rich are different from you and me," Fitzgerald had said, and Herr Hemingway had replied, "Yes. They have more money," I translate into German. "*Das ist prima*!" They had not heard that one.

As yet there is no tablet on the white walls of the Hotel Taube to commemorate the stay of Hemingway in 1925 and 1926. They will put one up, says Herr Nels; however, one must be careful, one must think it over, for one doesn't want it to be *kitsch*. Perhaps when I come again next year the tablet will be up. Many things have changed and are changing, but that Herr Hemingway was here in this hotel in those years is not one of them.

Before I returned to Feldkirch I drove from the Hotel Taube up into the valley to see Schruns from above. Mist covered the high ranges, but the snow which had fallen in the Vorarlberg two days before and had closed all the higher Alpines passes still lay on the slopes near the peasant huts and on their steep, cultivated fields. In the Silvretta mountains, even now, in May, the snow was still good for skiing.

On the train the next morning to Bad Gastein (I was traveling from Feldkirch back to Vienna via Bad Gastein) the snow that had fallen was visible at eye level in the pine forests at either side of the Vorarlberg tunnel where the train had stopped. There had been twenty centimeters of snow on the tracks two days ago when they had come up from Vienna, a Viennese couple said. We stood next to each other at the window that we had pushed down, and looked out at the pine slopes and the snow-covered ground. Bad Gastein, the spa of the Habsburgs, is still as prosperous as when the monarchs came there, although the German industrialists were coming there now, and the new politicians from the Third World. The Vice President of the Ivory Coast, for example, was staying at the Hotel Bellevue. I met two or three members of his entourage, dressed in national costume, in one of Bad Gastein's two discotheques late that evening. The Vice President himself was too ill to leave his quarters; yes, he would be coming back the next year and would rent a villa for the whole season. "How goes it?" I asked. "*Ca marche*," they replied. "*Tout va bien quand ça marche*." When later I climbed back to my hotel through the steep streets of Bad Gastein, which is built into a mountain-slope at the end of a valley, so that hardly any of its streets are level, I thought I knew what it must have felt like for Hemingway in the old days in Schruns to carry his skis up the valley into the Silvretta range for the first and only run downhill.

There was also a reference to Schruns in one of the stories I remembered. When I came back to the United States I looked for it. It is in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro"; it used the detail Frau Nels recalled: Hemingway, in the *Stüberl*, observing the locals coming out from the church.

> In Schruns, on Christmas day, the snow was so bright it hurt your eyes when you looked out from the weinstube and saw everyone coming home from church. That was where they walked up the sleigh-smoothed urine-yellowed road along the river with the steep pine hills, skis heavy on the shoulder, and where they ran that great run down the glacier above the Madlener-Haus, the snow as smooth to see as cake frosting and as light as powder and he remembered the noiseless rush the speed made as you dropped down like a bird.

HERBERT RUHM *is a Hemingway and prize-fighting aficionado and the editor of two books on Henry James.*

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DEMYTHOLOGIZING FRONTIER MYTHOLOGY

DANIEL AARON

Regeneration Through Violence

RICHARD SLOTKIN

Wesleyan U. Press, $25

From the time of their discovery European man looked upon the Americas as Satan's territory or as Eden. For some it was the haunt of barbarous savages, for others an earthly paradise for prelapsarian "lambs." In time these two clashing views commingled with sometimes disconcerting and paradoxical effort. If Richard Slotkin is right, the polarized conceptions of the New World—the land of death and darkness and the Blessed Isles—proved to be the starting point of American frontier mythology. Our national myths may exhibit the archetypal patterns of universal myths (*Regeneration Through Violence* incorporates the Jungian formula of mythogenesis), but they spring directly from popular experience and from the need to explain, domesticate, transmogrify a fearsome and mysterious wilderness.

Slotkin's book among other things demonstrates how Americans became the prisoners of a myth long after the conditions which engendered it, and under which it evolved, ceased to obtain. The myth features two pervasive themes: the agonies and expiation of the white captive (usually a woman) and the 'Indianizing' of a hero-hunter. Both derive from a collective history—the white emigrant's gradual adaptation to an environment at once abhorrent and alluring. According to Slotkin, the first colonists clung to Old World social values, to order, restraint, and discipline. The wilderness was out of bounds, the forest in Cotton Mather's phrase the "Synagogue of Satan." Eventually they felt more at home in the precincts of hell, and the 'Indianizing' so feared by the Puritan orthodoxy proceeds apace. But the white man's distrust and dread of the "destructive element," while controlled and ritualized, was too deeply embedded in his consciousness ever to be exorcized.

The captivity narratives of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, based on real experiences and often replete with edifying commentary, can be read apart from their sensational content as parables of temptation and redemption. Captured by the Indians, the victim suffers physical torments, accepts her fate, and passively awaits her deliverance through God's grace. To the Puritan exegete, the captive stands for a sinful people from whom God has turned His face. The Indian master, emblematic of the flesh, invites the guilty captive to participate in the rituals of the Devil—heathen marriage and even the infernal "eucharist" of cannibalism—but the captive resists and is saved, a resolution Slotkin likens to "the regeneration of the soul in conversion." The captivity myth persists in American popular and classical literature. It allows the emigrant American, deserter of hearth and home, to identify with the suffering female and thereby to expiate vicariously for his immersion in unregenerate nature.

The clearly masculine hero-hunter achieves a more devious "regeneration" than the captive. Whereas the latter is redeemed by obedience and self-denial, the former copies Indian ways. What distinguishes the regenerate hunter from the white-Indian renegade is not his wilderness initiation or resort to violence (these he shares with his damned counterpart) but his success in keeping separate his "blood knowledge" and his "brain knowledge." His ultimate objective is to destroy or subdue or 'improve' the wilderness and its uncivilized inhabitants, to make them conform to the dictates of his white consciousness. The guilt he suffers from having abandoned the settled for the unsettled and assuming the ways of the savage aboriginals is washed away in the act of exterminating his teachers. Thus racial war becomes the crucial metaphor for American experience, for it dramatizes the polarity of "good" (punishment, authority, restraint, will, ego, whiteness) and "evil" (Dionysian impulse, "blood knowledge," redness, blackness). The white hunter in destroying the Indian destroys his own vocation and according to the myth must settle in the end either for celibacy or marriage to a white woman. But the cycle continues after the elimination of the forest and Indian, because the pattern of thought remains, and the hunter discovers other challenges. The impulse to subdue and redeem finds outlets in imperialistic wars. Behind the missionary stalks the killer. Indeed, they are one and the same.

White-Indian warfare, then, underscores the conflict between two "realms of thought and feeling." The white hunter's search for regeneration through violence is counterpoised by the Indian's earthly piety, his acceptance of cruelty and ugliness no less than beauty as features of a maternal nature, and his recognition that the world must be mastered by sympathy, not power.

All this apparatus of mythogenesis, psychology, and symbolism provides the theoretical underpinning for the analysis of a literature, popular and otherwise, that is the real subject of Slotkin's massive and copiously documented work. Beginning with the literature of Indian wars and captivity accounts, he traces the evolution of the frontier narratives from Puritan chronicles to the emergence of writers who celebrate the exploits of self-confident woodsmen unaffrighted by forest terrors. The key section of his book is devoted to the real and legendary Daniel Boone, the quintessential hunter in whose single life is subsumed all prior wilderness

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experience and attitudes. He contrasts the variant portrait of the Boone figure both in European and American writing and shows how Boone becomes the embodiment of America's historical mission by hallowing unholy ground and by absorbing the power of the forest without giving up his white "gifts."

American literature flowers from this mythological core. The sections on Charles Brockden Brown, Cooper, Hawthorne, Whitman, and Melville benefit enormously from the careful attention paid to their less gifted predecessors and contemporaries. They are so good, in fact, that one can only regret Slotkin did not decide to leave the treatment of these writers to a second volume. Compared to the lesser fry, they are given short shrift, yet they are the ones, as he persuasively demonstrates, who most profoundly explored the myth and who passed beyond the images of the myth evoked by forgotten writers and disclosed its meaning. In their pages the American quester makes his successful and unsuccessful forays into the wilderness underworld.

Slotkin's book can also be faulted for its excessive size and repetitiveness although perhaps the complexity of its argument required frequent recapitulation. Sometimes his applications of the activity and hero-hunter myths seem over-ingenious, and he rides his thesis hard. His book is nonetheless an impressive achievement, valuable not only for its range and richness of texture but also for its skill in orchestrating the insights of others (i.e., D. H. Lawrence, William Carlos Williams, Henry N. Smith, Constance Rourke, Edwin Fussell, Leslie Fiedler, John Cawelti) with his own. Students of American literature and history will want to turn to his unfamiliar (and even familiar) texts to test his provocative and disturbing conclusions.

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REVIEWERS

DANIEL AARON teaches in the English Department at Harvard. He is the author of *The Unwritten War* (Knopf).

FATHER GERARD SLOYAN teaches the New Testament in the Religion Department at Temple University.

MARK TAYLOR's book on George Herbert will appear this winter.

QUINCY HOWE, a distinguished radio commentator for many years, wrote *Ashes of Victory* (Simon and Schuster).

This Man Jesus

BRUCE VAWTER

Doubleday, $5.95

GERARD SLOYAN

This book is a model of scholarship worn lightly. The author is no stranger to the pages of this journal. *Commonweal* readers may have wondered at times how one so literary and not merely literate managed to wander into the ranks of biblical critics. It has something to do with reading habits from childhood. Professor Vawter throws better lines away than most in his fraternity use to construct a paragraph around.

The argument of the book is compact but not dense. The needed porosity is provided by reference at strategic points to the current situation. Relevance is never strained after; it is simply there and the author notes it: "What [the tellers of the appearance stories] told was highly unlikely, but to paraphrase the great detective, when the impossible has been eliminated whatever remains, however unlikely, must be the truth. In this spirit the tellers told their tales." The scrawlers of "Z" on Peloponnesian walls, Alvin Toffler, and Vishnu all appear in this volume in brief but unerring context. There is an occasional harsh judgment delivered softly: "(The contention that such and such a phrase or expression 'cannot' be retroverted into a putatively original language is usually based on a certain amount of critical bluff; it is rarely more than a strongly expressed opinion about literary properties.)" On the ignorance of Mark and John of the virgin birth: "Is it proper to observe in return that the far more basic doctrine of the resurrection never turns up in a recognizable form in the Epistle to the Hebrews, or in most of the earliest christological hymns?"

The book is an essay in New Testament christology, as its subtitle states. It is the Jesus of Nazareth whom, according to the author of Luke-Acts, God had made Lord and Christ (Acts 2:36) that Vawter treats. He has some wise things to say toward the end about the coherence of the Chalcedonian formula with the New Testament data and the wisdom and lack thereof of certain modern types of evangelism. In between, he confines his development to the various claims made for Jesus and the titles accorded him in the New Testament. By way of explaining his relatively brief attention to the redaction-history of the gospels in a final chapter, Vawter says that he is more interested in the new quickening of the Spirit that was the eventual inspiration of these canonical writings than in any determined body of them. Describing christology as "the Christ myth," he then deals briefly with certain important questions from the gospels, often

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identified as historical, as examples of the accompanying "Christ legend." He conducts himself at all times as a historian who professes Catholic faith and holds the basic conviction that, "Faith in the gospel does not carry the price tag of any particular science or philosophy of man, ancient or modern." Essential to such faith is the attempt to try to see from the outlook of our age what the New Testament saw from the outlook of its age. Thus, when the writer speaks of myth and legend he accurately describes literary *genres* prior to any critical examination of faith-content or historical facticity.

Assuming the reality of the New Testament as a faith literature, Professor Vawter leads the reader through two-hundred pages of historical criticism on the development of christology within the New Testament period. He assumes the continuity between the historical Jesus and the biblical Christ on the basis of researches into history which he is well familiar with but does not reproduce. "Myth," taken not as an expression of the unreal but the ineffable, is his main concern. "Legend," understood not as the unbelievable but as the medium whereby the memory of most great persons and things has been kept alive, is secondary. Despite the book's declaration of secondary concern, the final twenty pages on certain classic questions about the "historicity" of the birth narratives and Jesus' family circles are as fine as anything written on the subject.

Whether the DePaul professor is examining the New Testament data on Jesus' risen life, the Son of David who is constituted Lord and Christ, or the title "Son of man" which Jesus may or may not have used with reference to himself (Vawter thinks he did), he shows himself aware of all the best writings on the subject. His familiarity with the scholarship of both Testaments —a special legacy of the Catholic seminary professor who, through necessity, never served in a "Bible department"— stands him in good stead. The heart of his volume is the wisdom christology developed in Chapter 5: a conviction that the basic conception underlying the christological hymns of Philippians, Colossians, the Johannine prologue, and similar hymnic fragments is that Christ as image of God is personified wisdom. The notion made its way from canonical Hebrew wisdom literature to Hellenistic Jewish writing and, it may well be, a gnostic redeemer myth. The New Testament authors edited the hymns at points, by way of historicization ("in power," "of holiness," "the church," "even to the death of the cross"). But the earlier versions, for Vawter, were Christian hymns. Their possible gnostic orientation, even if feared, was incorporated.

Vawter makes the pregnant suggestion, while inclining to the particularist view of God's revelation in Jesus Christ, that perhaps in the confrontation of world religions Christianity—forever fated by providential design to be a minority position—may do well to go uninhibited with respect to a cosmic christology. In that it would be unlike the position taken by the apostolic writers, whose redactive activity in face of the gnostic threat was understandable, but perhaps a necessity for understanding and being understood.

There are very few books the reviewer wishes he had written. This is one of them.

Not in Vain

Photographs by KEN BELL
Text by C. P. STACEY
U. of Toronto Press, $9.95

QUINCY HOWE

Ken Bell, a lieutenant in the Film and Photo Section of the Canadian Army, attached to the Highland Light Infantry, went ashore at Normandy on D-Day and remained with that outfit through the German surrender. After the war he became a professional photographer. In 1953 his *Curtain Call* recorded in photographs many of the same battlefields which he had covered in 1944 and 1945. Now, in *Not In Vain,* he has brought together a photographic record in black and white of the war in Europe, as he saw it, side by side with color photographs of many of the same scenes twenty-five years later. Colonel C. P. Stacey, now a University Professor at the University of Toronto, supplies three terse essays on the three phases of the West European campaigns in which Lieutenant Bell participated: Normandy, from Normandy to the Rhine, and through Holland and Germany. Kildare Dobbs, literary editor of the *Toronto Star,* supplies the low-key captions. The title—a characteristically British piece of double-negative understatement by Winston Churchill—sets the tone that the pictures and text sustain.

Black-and-white photographs provide the ideal medium to convey the drab and dreary conditions under which the rain-soaked Canadian foot-soldiers slogged their way to victory along the Channel coast and across Belgium and Holland to the northernmost outlet of the Rhine. At the same time—and often on the same pages—delicate color photographs taken twenty-five years later over the same terrain testify to western Europe's transcendent capacity for reconstruction, restoration, and renewal. As Guy Simonds, who describes himself as "one who had to bear some share of responsibility for the destruction," puts it in his brief Foreword: "There can be no restoration of the lives of those who were killed in the campaign of liberation, but the freedom and prosperity of western Europe today is their monument." That a Canadian can still express these sentiments concerning the sacrifices that he and his fellow-countrymen made, 25 years ago, to the liberation of French-speaking and Dutch-speaking peoples on the other side of the Atlantic offers striking proof of the continuing vitality of western European civilization.

In and of itself, this crucial chapter in the military history of the Second World War cannot match the sweep and horror of the Russian campaigns or the agonies and frustrations of the bloody stalemate on the Western Front from 1914-1918. In 1945 the Canadians did not pass by way of Buchenwald or Dresden. Nor did Ken Bell's

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infantrymen take any part in the air warfare which provided the necessary prelude to the ground operations, both east and west, that brought about the final German capitulation. All of which tends to enhance rather than to diminish this far from agonizing reappraisal of Canada's unique and essential contribution to the outcome of the global struggle against the German-Japanese partnership.

Time was when over-emphasis on the Soviet contribution to Germany's defeat enhanced the myth of the Soviet-American cold war which even President Nixon does not yet appear to have put entirely behind him. During the 1950's, on the other hand, the success of China's Communist Revolution gave birth to the no less compelling myth of the Sino-Soviet monolith which, in its turn, has given birth to the current myth of inevitable Sino-Soviet war. Since 1971 the Nixon-Kissinger obsession with public-relations diplomacy has sent them both scurrying from Peking to Moscow while Brezhnev, at Tashkent, warns the western powers not to try to turn him west against Peking while Chou Enlai, at Peking, warns "certain nations" against seeking "to warm their hands at the fires of Sino-Soviet tensions." Shades of Stalin and his warnings to the west on the eve of the Nazi-Soviet Pact, not to mention the 1922 Rapallo Treaty between Lenin's Russia and the Weimar Republic.

More than ever events in Europe and events in Asia interwine and interact. *Not In Vain* has no direct bearing on all these distractions, compared to which western Europe seems out of date and irrelevant. But in-so-far as it may redirect our attention to western Europe it reminds us of some of the false gods and false devils that have distracted our energies from Europe to Asia. If the First World War marked the beginning of the end of Europe's thousand-year history, the end of the Second World War broke the European deadlock in which the First World War had ended. Now that we can begin to re-appraise the Second World War in the light of its aftermath, we see both wars in new perspective: indeed as far as Europe is concerned, the Second World War emerges as a continuation of the Frst. As Churchill saw the Allied victory over Hitler in 1945: "Not in vain may be the pride of those who fell and the epitaph of those who survived." The very limits within which this book's three Canadian collaborators have fulfilled their missions has its poignancy but it has its transcendence, too. The fact that these three Canadians still view with pride their country's contribution to the Allied victory in western Europe in 1945 goes far to account for Canada's recent contributions to peace in southeast Asia and stability in China.

Recovery

JOHN BERRYMAN

Farrar, Straus, $6.95

MARK TAYLOR

An intense sadness possesses this novel for a number of reasons, not all strictly literary. The title refers to the harrowing attempt of one Dr. Alan Severance to recover once for all from the disease of alcoholism that he has lived with, by his own foggy estimation, for twenty-three years. The whole story, except for a number of flashbacks to scenes in the protagonist's earlier life, takes place in the detoxification clinic of a Midwestern hospital where Severance and a number of kindred spirits are subjected to a regimen of personal meditations, one-to-one confrontations, and encounter group sessions, all hopefully in the service of understanding the Twelve Steps of the alcoholic's code, the first of which by itself terrifies them: "We admitted that we were powerless over alcohol—that our lives had become unmanageable."

The alcoholics share a desire, on a conscious level anyway, to live without liquor and thus to escape the madness and destructiveness that attend it, but what most of them are unwilling to face is the necessity for substantive changes in their personalities if the cure is to take hold. As one of the counselors in the hospital, himself a reformed alcoholic, puts it, "What you really want, when you come into hospital, even for the second or third or ninth time, is to stay just who you are *and* not drink. That's not possible, of course. Jack-Who-Drinks has got to alter into Jack-Who-Does-*Not*-Drink-*And*-Likes-It." Recovery, then, entails the rejection of a way of life, not merely of one "habit" within it.

What is sad in all this, beyond a presentation of pitiful and wasted lives every bit as credible as in that horribly lacerating movie *Days of Wine and Roses*, is the unavoidable recognition that Alan Severance equals John Berryman, that the act of composition that made the novel was an essential part of the author's own therapy, and that, since Berryman killed himself in January 1972, leaving his book unfinished, as therapy the novel failed. Like his alter ego in *Recovery*, Berryman was a distinguished and celebrated man: teacher, critic, poet, winner of the Pulitzer Prize and National Book Award;

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and like him, also, Berryman was an admitted alcoholic whose disease stood always between him and the full application of his bountiful talents. Berryman represents himself as a doctor, an immunologist, in his final, frustrated act of creation-as-exorcism, and his admonition is clear: "Physician, heal thyself." Ironically, Severance seems to be doing just that. The author left a note for the last page of his book: "He was perfectly ready. No regrets. He was happier than he had ever been in his life before. Lucky, and he didn't deserve it. He was very, very lucky. Bless everybody. He felt—fine." But art, we are reminded, is too often easier than life.

Recovery fails not only as private therapy but also, I believe, as public fiction, though it deserves none the less serious consideration on that account. The book is twice unfinished, lacking both its final sections and those revisions necessary to a tightening of its structure and an exact articulation of its meaning; and thus it appears to be mainly the story of a struggle against alcoholism. It is dangerous—impossible?—to speculate on the character of something that does not exist, but there are numerous hints that if *Recovery* had been finished, if, more properly, it had been *realized*, born alive, then its alcoholism would be visible within a larger perspective as the metaphor for the more generalized malaise that afflicts modern American life. Berryman's autobiographical narrative adumbrates a larger, objective parable of our times; and if we believe this parable is something he just might have pulled off, had he lived, our sense of loss becomes the greater. Berryman denied his last song of himself the chance to become a song of us all.

Does alcoholism produce insanity or vice versa? "Madness & booze, madness & booze," Berryman wrote in one of his *Dream Songs*. "Which'll can tell who preceded whose?/What chicken walked out on what egg?" The alcoholic is mad in that his self-destructiveness is the result, but also the cause, of delusion: "Gradually it seemed to" Severance "that he was pleading the universal case of hope for abnormal drinkers . . . for all despairing and deluded sufferers fighting for their sanity in a world not much less insane itself and similarly half-bent on self-destruction. . . ." Specifically, the alcoholic who has sworn off the bottle feels immensely persecuted, feels that he is not respected, needed, wanted, and loved enough, and will take any real or imagined slight as the spur to renew drinking.

The alcoholic will resent those who do not place his problem at the center of their beings, and he will dispel his resentment by punishing *them*, he tells himself, which is to say by going back to the bottle. The alcoholic strikes out at anyone who fails to share his narcissistic vision of his own greatness, that is, of his own tragedy, and though these others are not immune to his actions, if they are family or friends, his primary victim is always himself. Now, translate that psychological

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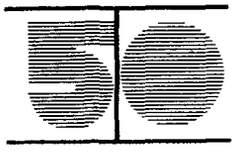

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mechanism into larger terms: this nation has spent a decade punishing its real self, conceived as an imaginary other, for the real other's refusal to take us seriously enough. Let no agrarian dare mock modern technology. Let no arriviste state demand the perquisites of an arriviste superpower.

"I have a drinking problem," Severance says, and Keg, one of the counselors, corrects him, "You have a life problem." So, of course, do all the alcoholics, and so, Berryman asserts, does America. An appended note named "Severance's re-socialization" makes the book's unfulfilled allegory most explicit: "I agree with those who think our country has been performing not merely wicked actions for many years now but *sick* actions, and I agree with Henry Steele Commager . . . that the name of our illness is Power. . . . The body politic itself is a victim of disease, producing *sincere* delusions—that is, lies which the liar believes. However, to be deluded is far worse than simply to be wicked. . . . The massacre of Asiatic human beings herded into a ditch, Calley testifies, 'wasn't any big deal.' This is the self-appraisal of a maniac. Millions of worthy Americans share it." In *The Tin Drum*, Günter Grass found an emblem for modern Germany in an insane asylum: maybe an alcoholic ward serves rather well for America.

Severance's richly suggestive name implies the foundation of personal and national ills. His effort at recovery is an attempt to sever himself from a life that, as his arrests and drunken, sexual indiscretions show, has been severed in turn from normal, civilized constraints. And although he has lived a scholarly life of great productivity, measured by certain yardsticks, he is haunted by the belief that he is severed from some earlier purpose, an *a priori* design repudiated by the suicide, when Alan was twelve, of his father. Berryman, whose own father committed suicide when the boy was twelve, made of the act an obsessive theme in all his work; he wrote in a *Dream Song*, "Mercy! my father; do not pull the trigger/or all my life I'll suffer from your anger/ killing what you began." The father kills the child, but since the father did not find the child sufficient to sustain his existence, the child also kills the father. One thing that Severance must confront in the clinic is guilt for patricide. And that, I take it, constitutes exactly Berryman's diagnosis of American history: a nation lost its past and thus its purpose, murdered its Founding Fathers, rejected their benevolence and wisdom.

It is tantalizing, and sad, to conclude that we will never know whether Berryman could have succeeded in giving coherence to this ambitious but fragmentary project, in persuasively fusing his private and public themes. Nor, of course, do we know his final prognosis for the national sickness, though perhaps a profound pessimism contributed with so much else to his death. But it is certain that neither of the two forms of madness will disappear by spontaneous remission, and so I wonder whether Berryman did not intend some application of the alcoholic's Twelve Steps to his country. The ninth and tenth steps are these: "Made direct amends to [wronged] people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others. Continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly admitted it."

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 331)

poetry proper is the language of inspiration, "the roll, the rise, the carol, the creation." Parnassian, says Hopkins, can be spoken only by poets, but it is not in the highest sense poetry, being "spoken in and from the level of a poet's mind, not, as in the other case, when the inspiration, which is the gift of genius, raises him above himself." (Cf. Robert Nye, Waste Land or Rose Garden? A note on T. S. Eliot, in: *Christian Science Monitor*, Nov. 27, '73.)

Peter Murphy's "Fruition" is poetry proper. Why? It is one of those poems of which Robert Nye says that they so uncomfortably and unforgettably give him the sense "that they read me, rather than I them, and that they criticize me, rather than I make the judgment."

HANNERL EBENHOECH-LIEBMANN

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The capacity to handle these increases depends on the achievement of the $35,000 Anniversary goal within the next few months. As a token of appreciation, all contributors of $10 or more will receive Rodger Van Allen's 225-page paperback, The Commonweal and American Catholicism soon to be published by Fortress Press.

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